The Narrrow Escape of Captain Tumley

BY J. C. PLUMMER

The steam collier Patmos lay snugly moored in Grimsby docks, and in the cabin of that somewhat dingy vessel sat Capt. Tumley gazing with wide open eyes and a perturbed countenance at his sister-in-law, Mrs. Perkins.

"I tells you 'Enery," continued that lady, wagging her head portentiously, "it's your bounden duty to go hup and hask Julia Pray to be your wife. You've been a goin' to her 'ouse and a keepin' comp'ny with 'er for these four years and heverybody thinks you are goin' to marry 'er and, what's more, she thinks so, too."

"But," said the captain, through his parched lips, "I went to smoke a pipe with her father, Capt. Pray. I didn't go to see 'er."

Mrs. Perkins sniffed her contempt for such unworldly innocence.

"When a 'ouse contains a hold rheumatic sailor and a pretty woman, an' a man like you comes steady visitin' for four years she is mighty apt to think he's comin' to see 'er. Hif she don't she's a fool. Now, I knows she thinks you were a courtin' her, for no longer than yesterday two days I says to 'er. Hit's 'igh time for 'Enery Tumley to settle down and marry,' and she busts out a cryin'. I tells you 'Enery you'll 'ave a girl'sbroken 'eart on your soul hif you don't marry Julia Pray."

After Mrs. Perkins, who was a born matchmaker, had departed, Capt. Tumley passed a bad half hour. Ten years ago, when he was a second mate on the brig commanded by Capt. Pray, he had been carried over the rail one night when there was a high sea running, and Capt. Pray had promptly leaped over and h d saved him, even with the handicap of oilskins and sea boots to struggle against. It was a poor return to make to break the heart of the daughter of his rescuer, and Capt. Tumley's mind was promptly made up. He had had no idea of courting Miss Pray, but he had carelessly compromised himself and allowed the young lady and others to misinterpret his intentions. Probably he had kept eligible men away and thereby prevented Miss Pray establishing herself. His mind was made up. He would ask Julia Pray to marry him.

When Henry Tumley left the Grimsby docks that evening he wore his best clothes on his back and a preoccupied look on his face, in fact so deep was his preoccupation that he did not return the salutation of the dock keeper. He was on his way to make amends for his carelessness. He was going to ask Miss Pray to marry him.

"There's nothing else for me to do," he murmured disconsolately, as he walked, and then he looked up and beheld the sign of the Jolly Fisherman swinging in the North Sea wind.

It is a rule with hardy men who drive heavily loaded coal boats down the east coast to take a hearty drink before starting and another hearty one on arriving. Regarding his present purpose in the light of a voyage in unknown seas, Capt. Tumley determined to follow this excellent rule and, entering the taproom, demanded spirits. Being accommodated he sat down at a table and meditated over the step he was about taking.

Before he had consumed a quarter of his dram he noticed that a man in a rough pea jacket at a neighboring table was regarding him attentively, and presently he came over and joined him.

"You're a sailor?" said the man abruptly, when he had seated himself opposite to the captain.

"I am," replied Capt. Tumley, with coldness. He did not care for company just then.

"Like sailors," continued the man. "I never saw many and that's the reason I like 'em. I'm a shepherd just from Australy."

"Ah!" said Capt. Tumley.

"Yes, got a herd of some 3,000. Come over to England to get a woman to marry me."

"Have you asked 'er?" inquired the captain with interest, for he had been shuddering at the horror of having to ask Miss Pray to have him.

"No, I haven't, and I'm not goin' to. No use. She'll have me sure enough, but the father don't take to me for a son-in-law. Ask her and the old man 'ud make trouble right off. No, no, I don't ask her, but I'm goin' to marry her."

"'Ow are you goin' to manage it?" asked the captain eagerly. Here was a man of resource. His views would be valuable.

"Have the bans called; that's how." replied the man, coolly.

"But you don't know if she'd like being called out," expostulated the astounded mariner.

"Here's the way it lies. Lived in a nearby shiretown. Knew the girl. Fell in love with her, and she with me. Tough nut in them days. Drank, played cards and old man down on me. Went off to Australy, made my lucky strike in sheep. Come back. Girl waitin'. Old man still huffy. Eye on another feller. Have bans called and he'll see no use kicking. Marry the girl and off to Australy. Take him, too, if he'll go."

Capt. Tumley looked in admiration a this man who talked in jerks and solved problems as though they didn't exist.

"Have another dram," said the man. "Must go upstairs, shape up a bit and go see clergyman. Come to the wedding. What's your name?"

The captain told him.

"Tumley, eh? Steamer Patmos, Grimsby docks. I'll send you a bid to come. Good-night."

When the stranger had disappeared Capt. Tumley brought his fist down on the table with a thump.

"I've my bearings," he murmured. "I won't hask 'er. I'll 'ave the bans called, too. I never could hask a woman to marry me."

When Capt. Tumley returned to the Patmos he had commissioned the Rev. Mr. Gholson of Grimsby to call the bans of Julia Pray of Grimsby parish and Henry Tumley of Southwark.

"Hif she don't want 'em she can say so. I don't want 'er to say it to me," soliloquized the mariner as he mixed a grog before retiring. The right quantity of brandy, ditto of sugar and a little warm water was in the glass and the captain was sniffing the aroma approvingly when there was a commotion on deck. Before the mariner could sing out as to what was the matter a man came tumbling down the companion way.

"You are a nice sort of a chap," thundered the newcomer in a voice that would have carried to the main royal yard in a Cape Horn gale.

"What the devil to you mean by sticking your bloomin' bans ahead of mine."

In mute astonishment the captain gazed into the face of his late companion at the inn.

"What do you mean? Say it. Clergyman just ordered to call bans Henry Tumley, that's you, and Julia Pray, that's my girl. What do you mean by it?"

"Is Julia Pray the girl you've come to marry?" gasped the captain.

'She's the girl I'm goin' to marry, you son of a tar barrel," thundered the man. "You can have your bans called all you want. I'll marry her."

"Then she never expected me to marry her?" exclaimed the captain.

"No, wouldn't have you if you had the bank of England in your pocket."

"Then she didn't bust hout a cryin' on my account?" murmured the mariner.

"Wouldn't think of doin' such a thing," asseverated the man. "Now what are you goin' to do?"

Eagerly the captain explained to the irate man just what had prompted him to have the bans called, and then told him the whole case.

"You see," added Capt. Tumley, "I didn't want to marry her no how."

"Why not?" demanded the man "She's too good for the like of you."

The captain hastened to explain that he didn't desire to marry the best woman in the world.

"Well," remarked the man, "you'd better stay single. A woman 'd walk all over you. You've no spirit."

The two started at once for the clergyman's house to rectify the mistake, and the man remarked on the way:

"I'd have saved time to have run off with her. Obstinate. Wants father's consent. Had to do this. He'll agree when hears bans cried."

With some difficulty the clergyman was convinced that an innocent error had been made and the name of Job Watson was substituted for that of Henry Tumley.

Capt. Tumley was best man at the wedding and gave the bride a very handsome present.

"Hif I 'adn't met that man," he murmured, as he walked back to the docks, "I'd a hasked Julia to marry me and been turned down. Then I'd never a' showed my face again in Grimsby."

TOOK TOO LONG A CHANCE.

English Banker Ruined by Bet on Forty Days of Rain.

There were a few frenzied financiers in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century, if the banker Bulliot, of whom the following story is told, can be taken as an example. The feast of Saint Swithin, July 15, 1725, was a particularly wet and stormy day.

Trusting implicitly in the old superstition, which says that if it rains on Saint Swithin's day it will rain for forty days thereafter, Bulliot opened a pool for everyone who was willing to bet against him. The affair attained so much notoriety that the wager was reduced in writing.

"If dating from Saint Swithin's day," reads the memorandum, "it rains more or little during forty days successively, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost."

For two weeks it continued to shower every day, and so confident did the banker become that he accepted as stakes not only money but gold-headed canes, jewels, snuff boxes and even clothes. When his cash gave out he offered notes and bills of exchange. Another week passed, and Bulliot's star was still in the ascendant.

But when the twenty-second day sank into the west bright and cloudless, the unfortunate banker was ruined.—The Sunday Magazine.

Valuable Mahogany Tree.

A single mahogany tree in Honduras was recently cut into boards, which, when sold to the European market, realized over $10,000, it is stated.

Our Weekly Chat With Dame Fashion

The Blouse In Its Latest Aspects.

The battle of the dressmakers over the rival merits of the empire, the Directoire, or the princess styles has resulted, as such battles often do, in each army withdrawing within its borders, where it reigns supreme and follows its own bent. The princess robe has still many followers, but it cannot be denied that, even on an impecable figure and cut by a master hand, the princess robe has a hard, stiff effect that is displeasing to an aesthetic eye. Far more graceful are the long, sweeping lines of the modified empire or directoire styles which, while defining the beauty of the figure, yet leave something to the imagination, which is the secret of success in every art.

A description of one of these gowns seen displayed in one of the principal stores is worthy of a place here. The material of the dress was of very fine drape souple, or satin cloth, in the lovely mauve shade known as "elephant" grey, which is so much to the fore this season for those who appreciate quiet tones. The skirt was quite plain except for a band of cloth above the hem, which was cut into mitred tabs, piped with elephant grey velvet, each tab being adorned with a flat button of the same velvet. In front the normal place of the waist was marked by the pointed waist-band of velvet, much braided with a fine old-fashioned narrow silk braid in the same color; but the waist-band narrowed at each side, and rose high at the back, where the fulness of the skirt flowed out in graceful folds, and where the waist-band disappeared under the crossed points of the pelerine, fastened by big velvet buttons. These shaped cape or pelerine folds were in cloth, with a line of braid between, they were finished in front with turned-back tabs fastened by velvet buttons, and they were cut very low both in front and behind to show a waistcoat of the grey velvet embroidered in gold and silver thread. This also was cut low before and behind over a chemisette of tucked lawn, with a double kilted frill, like that on the shirts of the dandies of a far-off generation, which adorned the front. The cloth elbow sleeves repeated the arrangement of the original bodice, with buttoned tabs above the lace frills, and a cuff of embroidered velvet below.

One of the most obvious facts of fashion this year is the popularity of the three-quarter coat. In every shop window of the big stores it alluringly stretches its length, and I doubt not that it will find its purchasers by the hundreds. It appears in tweed, in cloth, in velvet, and is alike found quite tight fitting, or tight fitting at the back and semi-fitting in the front.

Velvets and velveteens are, we know, to reign supreme this winter, and charming waists and blouses will be made of these beautiful fabrics. A new kind of velvet, soft of surface as chiffon, but as firm of texture as Genoa velvet, is amongst the new autumnal possibilities of the wealthy, but for the more frugal, velveteen has amiably assumed a very soft and supple surface.

For the Economical Woman of Fashion

The first thing to attend to in preparing the winter wardrobe is the cleaning and freshening of the dresses of last winter that were judged good enough to pack away in the spring, and the dyeing of the light gowns that have faded with the past summer's sun. Fashion changes so quickly that it is more economical to have light frocks turned into a color suitable for wearing out in winter than to lay them by for next summer, when they will be as likely as not too demodes to be worn. If the lining is removable,

A Becoming Dressing Jacket.

such dresses can usually be dyed whole.

One of the very necessary additions to the woman's wardrobe of the winter, is the comfortable and easy dressing sacques or jackets. In our illustration we show one specially designed to be becomingly and cosily warm while at the same time giving all the freedom of movement which is so necessary during the hair brushing process. One such garment might be made of pale pink zenana, with appliques of lace threaded through with black velvet ribbon, while a second could be made of viyella, which will not shrink when washed.

In the matter of coiffure, the heads of the fashionable women are still running over with curls, real or artificial. As to which they are seems of little consequence, for every head is piled with curls in more or less unexpected places not always entirely logical; but what is logic in the face of fashion?

In millinery, ostrich feathers figure largely for trimming decoration, and the feathers grow hourly almost in width and bulk—and price; the most prodigal style of millinery showing a monster specimen in green on a tucked or stitched silk shape.

To quote an authority: "Fashion has gone fairly mad on furs"; at all the great houses one sees other garments pushed out of the way to make further space for the display of sables and sealskins, ermines and caraculs, coats small and winsome, and coats long and luxurious. One would think from these last we were going to have an Arctic winter, till one remembered that it is the motor, with its whiz through the air, that calls for these extras.

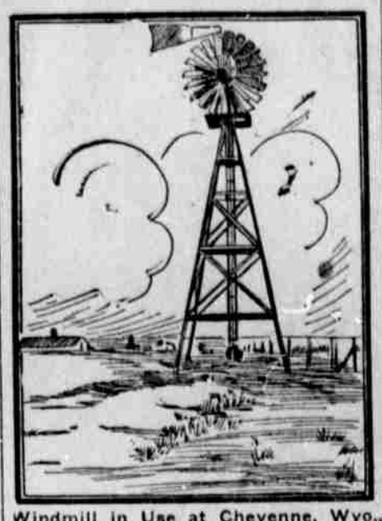
Throw-over ties are less worn now. Muffs are made very large to suit the short-sleeved gowns that foolish fashion still requests women to wear. The newest sort of big muff is not stiffened, but is more like an oval-shaped sack, into which the arms, bare save for their gloves, can be easily thrust up to the elbow; while owing to the same softness of make, if the full size of the muff is not required, it crushes or wrinkles up on the arm to the desired dimensions. Tails are placed on muffs as trimming when the same decoration is used on the collar that the muff will accompany. The harmonious blending of furs and laces is also most fashionable. It is becoming to the last degree, and no better way of displaying a fine bit of old rose or Brussels point can be found than to set it at the throat of a seal, sable, or chinchilla cape; while a corresponding flounce can edge the bottom of the garment if available.

RELATION WHICH IRRIGATION BEARS TO DRY FARMING

A Treatise By Elwood Mead, Chief of Irrigation and Drainage Investigations, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Between the line of 20 inches average annual rainfall and the Rocky mountains there is a strip of land reaching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, embracing about 300,000,000 acres, which for agriculture is debatable aside from lack of moisture. Men soil is deep and exceedingly fertile, and the climate healthful and agreeable aide from lack of moisture. Men need it for homes. All interests are eager to see these areas settled, provided the settlers can be self-supporting, or to avert this if settlement is to mean disaster. From all classes come the questions: What methods will make the most of these lands? How can they be made to support the largest number of people and give them the greatest measure of human comfort?

There is a variety of causes tempting men to plow up the native sod. The stockman realizes the need of a



Windmill in Use at Cheyenne, Wyo., Station.

reserve food supply and seeks to provide it by growing Kafir corn, sorghum, rye, hay and other drought-resistant forage crops. The eastern farmer finds these broad, rolling plains, with their fertile soil and freedom from rocks or stumps, attractive. Hopeful, enterprising men are prone to believe that settlement and cultivation will change the climate, and a few wet years are almost certain to create a wave of settlement.

The agricultural problems of the semiarid region relate to heat and moisture. There is no lack of fertility. The average rainfall, which varies from 20 inches on the eastern margin of the semiarid district to ten inches on the western, is not simply scanty, it is irregular. There are years when the average is almost cut in two, and there are months without a cloud and days, especially in the southwest, when the winds are like a blast from a furnace—so hot and dry that they change green fields of corn into dry and rattling stalks in 24 hours.

Leaving out of account fruit-growing sections like the Santa Clara valley in California, the foundation of the dry farm should be mixed husbandry in which stock raising is the leading feature. Many of the drought-resistant crops are for forage. The experience of the Sacramento valley has demonstrated that grain can not be grown continuously. There must be some provision for restoring fertility to the soil. Furthermore, many of these farms will always be remote from markets, and live stock can be shipped to better advantage than grain or hay. Poultry is one of the most profitable products of the western farm, and chickens and turkeys will pay as well in dry years as in wet ones.

The dry farm should have a larger acreage than either the irrigated or humid farm. There should be land enough to provide summer pasturage for stock, and, as it takes from ten to 100 acres of native grass to support an animal, this summer pasture must of itself be larger than the cultivated farm in many sections. With live stock as a foundation and with alfalfa, vegetables, and fruit grown by irrigation, the dry-farmed portion will insure large crops in wet years and render the the farmer largely immune from losses in years of drought.

The dry farm must have a relatively large area if irrigation is to be a feature. The reservoir near Cheyenne, Wyo., draws the water from six sections of land. The wells used in the irrigation of the tracts reported on would not continue to furnish adequate water for these areas if an attempt should be made to irrigate all the land in that vicinity, but they will maintain it perpetually if these wells are widely separated.

It is believed that there are few localities in the arid region where enough water can not be had for the irrigation of one to ten acres on each section. It is remarkable how much can be done with a little water where rightly used.

The irrigation of one acre on a dry farm will make it possible to grow a wind-break of trees around the farmer's house and barns, which will serve as a shade in summer and one of the best of protections against winds and storms in winter. No range stockman needs argument to convince him of the value of these wind-breaks, and everyone who has seen the shimmering waves of heat which rise from these gray and dusty plains in summer appreciates the value of shade and foliage in midsummer. It will insure a green lawn for the house, the growing of a wide range of fruits, and a still larger list of the best vegetables which can be produced anywhere. This will do one of two things for the farmer: It will save him from an excessive bill for canned goods or from living on a monotonous diet. If five acres of land are irrigated and one given to trees, orchards, and garden, four will be left for field crops. Planted to alfalfa this will produce 15 to 20 tons of hay—enough to support the farmer's milk cows and work horses. What can be done in the irrigation of four acres under intensive cultivation is shown by the returns of pumping plants. That much land will support a farmer in dry years if he grows nothing on the rest of his farm. These returns are not exceptional. They are a few of many similar ones gathered by the engineers of the office of experiment stations in all parts of the semiarid region.

In considering the relation of irrigation to the dry farm we have thus far dealt only with its value in the complete irrigation of a small part of his farm, but this alone leaves out of account a kind of irrigation which is possible wherever a storage reservoir can be built and water held for emergency use on the dry-farmed fields. Everyone familiar with irrigation knows what can be accomplished by a little stored water to be applied in times of excessive drought. It often happens that a single and scanty irrigation will result in an abundant yield, where there would otherwise be a complete failure. The experiment station at Stillwater, Okla., is building a reservoir for this kind of emergency use. The station is carrying on experiments in the breeding of drought-resistant varieties of corn. It always has to face the possibility of a year of such excessive drought that without a supplemental water supply the entire crop might be killed. The reservoir which is being built will not be used unless necessity arises to save the crop, but it will always be on hand for that purpose. Supplemental irrigation is the insurance of the dry farm, whether, the water is confined to intensive cultivation of a small tract or used in emergencies on larger areas. Used in either way, its value is so great that farmers need only an understanding of methods to secure its general adoption.

Reservoir in Use Near Cheyenne, Wyo.

The office of experiment stations is now studying two phases of this question: (1) Cost and methods of providing a water supply, and (2) the tools and methods for the distribution of the water and the cultivation of the soil to secure its economical use. Bulletins giving practical advice along these lines will be published from time to time as experiments and investigations bring definite results.

A Pit for Seed Potatoes.—Potatoes for planting should be kept without sprouting. I dug a hole in a sidehill 15x30 feet deep and laid up a dry wall three feet thick all around. Cedar makes the best door frame and roofing. Provide a storm door to fill with straw to keep the frost out. It was covered from three to five feet deep, with earth so that it will not freeze.

Rush Apples to Storage.—Rush your apples from the trees into storage. Repeated tests show that fruit deteriorates more in a few days between leaving the tree and getting into storage than it does in as many months of storage at a low temperature.